

Guardian

by DivergentIAm

Category: Divergent Trilogy

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eric, Four/Tobias, OC, Tris/Beatrice P.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-12 01:54:40

Updated: 2016-04-24 02:05:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:33:47

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 19,543

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Willow "Lo" has decided to stand up against her father's delusional belief in "Genetic purity", so she and her brother embark on a Journey into the walls of the city of Chicago to destroy the hold David has on the city. She goes undercover as a dauntless initiate to complete her mission, only to fall for the one guy she knew she shouldn't. \*rated M for future chapters

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Before you read this you should know that this story starts at the beginning, during Tris' initiation. I will also be following the movie closer because i loved the characters who played it and because i just loved it in general lol.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer! I do not own any of the Divergent character's except my own OC's. With that said please enjoy.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1:\*\***

"Willow, reconsider this! The plan is beyond flawed!" Michael hissed in my ear as he scurried after me. Although he was taller than me, my strides were long and confident, unlike his.

"Sometimes, the simplest of plans are the best." I answered, sending him a wicked smile over my shoulder. "And there's no goddamn way I'm postponing this. Jeanine is planning something big and people are going to die, and for what?" I hissed, my fist clenching in anger. "My father and the council's belief that there is such a thing as damaged genes?" I scoffed, as i continued walking through the compound, not bothering to check if he would keep following me. Michael wouldn't stop trying to convince me to change my mind; he worried too much.

"I know, okay? I've been running tests ever since Dr. William gave me full authorization and I've gotten the same conclusion each time;

everyone has their own unique genetic sequence. I've realized my mistake in believing their lies after getting different results with each test but-

I spun around abruptly, startling him enough that he stopped speaking and almost fell into me. I managed to steady him before we both ended on the ground, sending him an apologetic smile before speaking. "Then you understand why I need you here, helping the other's cover up for me and Forrest." I straightened, looking him directly in the eyes. "My father and the other "pure"," I used my fingers to mockingly emphasize the disgusting title my father gave himself and other people he deemed had pure genetics. "are so busy with their own research and the sticks shoved up their asses to even bother keeping track of what's going on in Chicago. You know as well as I do that they leave that for the rest of them." I nodded to the people dressed in the dark colors labeling them as "damaged".

Although my father preached about equality, these people were still labeled and treated differently. Hell they weren't even allowed on the upper levels where all the high tech labs and shit were, yet the pure had full privilege over the entire compound. It was disgusting and downright wrong. And it was the reason Forrest and I were doing this in the first place.

Michael stared at me long and hard through his light brown eyes, analyzing me to see if he found any hesitation or indication of being unsure of my plan up. Finally after a long silence, he sighed, closing his eyes tightly before muttering his question. "How long?"

"I don't know." I answered honestly, and simply pecked his cheek when he sent me a glare. He was like my brother, worrying about my safety just as much as Forrest did. "I don't know what technological advances Erudite have managed to make, but I know for sure it's still not going to be any where near what we have." I gestured to the high tech computer monitors, and other devices every one was using. Many of the vehicles and devices we had were redesigned by our scientists, and much more advance than they had ever been before the war. Chicago's very own Erudite had brilliant scientists among them, but they still hadn't reached our level of scientific sophistication. "It's going to take a while to adjust to it, then even longer to find a way to hack the network and destroy the program my father is using to control Chicago." I looked around frowning as I saw one of the teenagers that would be in this years Choosing ceremony. My father had taken a great interest in her because of who her mother was; Natalie Prior was a legend around here.

Even knowing that she would probably be extremely helpful while we were infiltrating, I wasn't sure how she'd feel about us going against my father. After all her loyalty lied with him and he was the big boss. I couldn't risk her outing us to my father. This mission was too important.

"Tell me again why I shouldn't lock you up in your room for the rest of your life?" Michael asked me wearily.

"Because you know as well as I do, that if we don't do something to break my father's hold over them, innocent people are going to keep dying and my father might just start another war." I said seriously, my eyes scanning the compound, making sure no one was listening to

us. "And then we'll be right back where we started." I finished grimly.

"Fine, but how are we going to explain to your father your long term absence?" He asked me looking at me as if he finally found a flaw to my plan.

"Forrest and I already informed my father we were going to go to the fringe on a long term project to work on a way to control the entire group instead of just the children." I answered easily, looking for my brother now. "He's been going crazy about the slow process of getting those people out of the fringe. He doesn't like not having control over them, so he agreed without hesitation." I rolled my eyes. Leave it to my father to worry more over his control on people than the safety of his daughter. It was no secret that the fringe was dangerous, the people there are "genetically damaged" as my father put it, and they didn't agree with the Bureau. They were like our own version of the factionless. I really couldn't blame them, and couldn't help but wish i could do more to help them. But I guess that the first step in doing so would be to take down the Bureau of Genetic Welfare.

"You've got to be kidding me." Michael muttered under his breath, dropping his head dejectedly. "When are you scheduled to leave?"

"Didn't you get my father's email?" I raised an eyebrow at him, barely resisting the urge to laugh knowing full well that this conversation will lead to a tantrum. "You are in charge of making sure my departure goes smoothly in two days time."

"Two days? That's when the choosing ceremony is." He tilted his head to the side confused before realization dawned on him. "Willow are you kidding me?! There's no way we're going to pull this off!" He hissed in my ear, dragging me towards his lab.

I scoffed, allowing him this once, to drag me around when we both know I could have broken his wrist in 2 seconds flat. "Michael, you are the youngest scientist in the entire Bureau, if there's anyone that could do it, it's you." I pointed out matter of factly.

"Okay let's forget that for a second and focus on the two days I have?! Two days to put you and Forrest in the system and erase the right peoples' memories to ensure you aren't discovered!" he snapped, opening the door of his lab, and making sure no one else was inside. I don't know why he bothered, his supervisor was never around.

"Well that's why you're the genius." I smiled sweetly, as I lowered myself into his chair. When he continued to scowl, I let out a long breath, leaning my head on my hand as I looked at him. "You're over analyzing, Mikey." I murmured softly, letting my posture relax and relaxed my gaze. "Everything will be alright, I promise. Forrest and I will destroy the program, free Chicago and in the process save hundreds of innocent people from whatever Jeanine is planning."

"How can I not over analyze when the plan is beyond flawed? A million things can go wrong." He frowned as he started going to work on my profile.

"And I trust you to make sure we make it through." I said firmly,

willing him to believe in our mission. He grumbled a few things under his breath, but settled into his work without any further complaints.

"Jack will sneak into Erudite to hide the box with everything Forrest requested. You make sure to keep your watch on you at all times, it's going to be a pain in the ass to replace it." He muttered as his fingers flew across the keyboard.

"Couldn't you guys have figured out another way for me to communicate with you guys? I hate Morris code." I grumbled, leaning over his shoulder trying to keep up with him, but it was impossible. Unlike him and Forrest, I had focused on combat more than my actual studies. Although I did a good job of fooling my father into believing that I was as ready as Forrest to take over the Bureau at any minute. It would have been easier if he did let us take over, but my father was too damn proud and arrogant to let go of his position.

After a few more moments of silence, the door dinged as someone unlocked it. I casually turned my head on Michael's shoulder just in time to see my father enter. Trying to keep my cool I sent him a charming smile, straightening slowly, so as to not draw attention to Michael's screen. Thank God, I could see him exiting the files and pulling up a file with someone's genetic makeup on display. "Father, to what do we owe this pleasant surprise?" I questioned lightly, looking him over for any indication that he knew about our plan.

"I came to see how the planning was going for the trip in a couple days." He answered casually, with a proud smile on his face. "I want to make sure my children are as comfortable and free to work as you need. Michael, I assume you got my email?" Although it was posed as a question, we both knew it wasn't.

"I did, David." Michael answered pleasantly, turning to face my father. "I was just discussing the details with Willow, but she just gave me a run by since Forrest is more experienced with the equipment they might need."

"Of course, Forrest should be coming to see you soon then, he himself was in the storage units looking over the things he needed." He nodded his head with approval, looking around the lab once more. "I'll leave you to it. Willow, I'll be seeing you and Forrest off the morning of."

Nodding to him, I watched him with narrowed eyes as he casually walked out of the lab. "I don't trust that man one bit." I bit out once the door was closed.

"And he's your father." Michael commented warily, but continued on with the files.

"Details." I waved the comment off. "Email me the details when they're done and I'll run them through Forrest. Jack will be making sure everything we need will be handled, and will even set up the equipment where we told my father we'd be. The computers are program to reroute our "data" to his personal tablet."

"Where did you get this "data"?" Michael asked, throwing me a look over his shoulder.

"One of the assistants was actually looking into it to impress my father. Got the idea from her, she's even helped with this whole plan." I shrugged with a smile.

"How is that that so many people know about this but haven't reported it to David?"

"Well they're all the people he has deemed "genetically damaged" and they know I work as hard as I can to prove they aren't, that we're all equal. I also think they believe I have a chance at this because I'm his daughter, I'd be the best chance they got at bringing him and the organization down."

It was silent for a while except for the sound of Michael's typing, before he finally spoke up in a soft voice. "I believe in you too you know."

"I know." I answered reassuringly. "And I know that your doubt is only because you're worried something's going to happen to us in there."

"I can't protect you guys, only send short messages that hopefully give you a heads up when something's about to go down."

"And I trust that you'll do everything you can for us." I planted a kiss on the top of his head. "Now get moving, we have less than 48 hours to perfect this shit as much as possible." And with that I stepped out of his lab and went about finalizing my own shit before we left.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*I rewrote this chapter after rereading it to continue with chapter 3, and I had a whole issue with reposting this so sorry for any confusion! \*\*

\*\*Chapter 2:\*\*

"What's your full name?" Forrest asks me, leaning back on his elbows as he looked at me, the file with my new identity lying on his stomach. Yesterday night Michael had email us our files, and we'd spent the entire night memorizing it. This morning Forrest insisted we quiz each other sometime today, and because we had been busy the majority of the day, we hadn't gotten to it until an hour ago. It was currently a quarter to 1 and I was beyond exhausted, but I knew it was my last night with my brother in god knows how long.

"Louise Lockwood." I rolled my eyes, skimming through his own file. "What's your name?"

"Boyce Lockwood." He answered quickly. "How old are we?" he tried to keep a straight face but lost it when I threw a pillow at him.

"18, you moron." I rolled my eyes at him, before looking down at his file again. "What faction are we from?"

"Erudite." He answers without hesitation. "What faction will you chose?" he flips his curly brown hair out of the hazel gold eyes we both shared. He was 10 minutes older than me, but he looked years

older; I guess it was because of his neat facial hair. He was taller than me but almost a foot, which was incredibly annoying, but I knew I'd miss his teasing after tomorrow "well today.

"Dauntless, of course." I laughed, stretching out on my bed, appreciating the softness of it while I still could enjoy it.

"Are you nervous?" He asked me, dropping onto his back next to me. "I mean they make cuts, Lo."

"Have you seen me during combat practices? I even have more muscle than you." I snorted trying to shove him off the bed. It wasn't entirely true because although I had a toned body, he was lean in a muscular way. "I'm going to make it. I have to make it." I added seriously. "But hopefully we don't actually have to stay until the end of initiation." I played with his hair, twirling a curl around my pointer finger.

"Come on, Willow." He scoffed, pulling on my own curls, turning to face me. "We both knew from the beginning this wasn't going to be easy, and it's definitely going to take some time." I looked at him then, my eyes roaming over his expression. "First we have to learn how to use their tech, then we have to decode the servers that run the programs and after all that we have to find a way to stop and destroy the program; without getting caught, might I add."

"Let's not forget the serums." I muttered, shivering as I thought about the fear simulation I'd have to go under if I made it to stage two of initiation. "Jeanine has full access to each serum, if she discovers us, or even realizes we're "Divergent", then bye bye memories or hello drone Willow and drone Forrest." I sighed, running my hand over my face.

"We're doing this for the good of the world." He reminds me, patting my arm.

"Yeah, because dad's idea for "doing good for the world" went so well." I muttered rolling my eyes. "What if we make this worse?" I asked quietly after a while.

"We have the numbers on our side, Lo, and they believe that we can change everything here." He said sternly, sitting up in his chair. "The people our father looks down on, are on our side and they outnumber him and his little army of so called pure followers." He rolled his eyes at that, and I couldn't help but laugh.

"Alright, you've re-convinced me to join this ridiculous plan." I tease with a smile. After a while it gets quiet and I look at him as seriously as I could. "Be careful Forrest, please, you're going to be with the devil herself."

He snorted. "Like you aren't going to be in any danger. Have you even read the file on the dauntless leaders?"

"TouchÃ©, but I have hand to hand combat experience. More than you." I added quickly when he opened his mouth to retort. He shut his mouth, turning his head to face the wall like a child. I laughed quietly, before yawning and getting comfortable with my remaining pillow.

"Get some sleep, punk." He finally muttered, kissing me on my forehead. "We have a big day tomorrow." I barely managed to mutter a goodnight before I was out.

"This is they're idea of fashion?" I asked pinching a bright blue blazer and picking it up to examine it as if it were a dead rodent. "Can't I wear something else?" I muttered, reluctantly putting it on over my white blouse when Forrest sent me a glare. We had left before dawn, meaning that I had barely gotten 4 hours of sleep before I was rudely woken up by Forrest. It had taken Jack and Forrest longer than we expected to set up the site of our "experiment" so we were running a little behind schedule, and it was making Michael more nervous then he already was.

My father, as promised, saw us off with a proud smile on his face, and it took everything in me not to punch him in the face. I know it was wrong of me, but no one knew what that man was capable of, and just how despicable he really was.

"Can you hurrying it up, Willow? It's a quarter to 7, and you two have to be at the ceremony at 8." Michael hissed at me tossing me a pair of flats. I rolled my eyes as I slipped them on, while simultaneously tucking my blouse into my form fitting slacks. The pants were the same ridiculous bright blue as the blazer and I couldn't help but grumble under my breath while I put my hair up into a neat bun, barely containing the curls.

"Let's go, we'll leave you at the top of the Hub, and Jack will make sure you two make it to the Lockwood's without a problem." We'd be dropped by helicopter and then we'd meet up with the newly brainwashed Lockwood's on our way to the ceremony.

"Yupie." I muttered climbing into the small air craft, checking my watch to make sure there weren't any glitches. Forrest climbed in next to me, while Michael took the pilots seat. "If you crash and kill us, I will resurrect both of us just so I can kill you again myself." I warned, grabbing onto the seat tightly, knowing that Michael didn't have a lot of experience with flying.

He waved me off, pushing buttons and switching gears or whatever it was he was doing. "Have some faith in me." And right when he finished that sentence we lurched into the air so suddenly, I swear I saw my life flash before my eyes. The usually silent chopper, made a weird, strained noise as we jerked around a few times before steadying itself, and settling into it's usual quietness.

"Michael!" Forrest snapped, straightening out in his seat. He should have been holding on since the beginning, but obviously trusted Michael too much.

"Sorry!" He so didn't sound sorry, the smug bastard.

After a few minutes of turbulence, we finally steadied out and the flight went smoothly—well as smoothly as we could manage. I could see Jack beside Michael, clutching the handle like his life depended on it, and if I wasn't so skeptical of Mikey's flying skills, I probably would have laughed.

It was a good 30 minutes before we were directly above the city, and I could just make out the Hub a few hundred feet in front and below

us, through the thick fog. "Get ready!" Michael called out, and Forrest slipped into action, hooking up both of our harnesses, pulling on it to make sure it was secure.

"I love you Michael!" I shouted as I followed Forrest to the now open door and began my descent after him. When we were halfway down, I was jerked around, loosing my grip. Looking up Jack had slipped out of the helicopter and had almost dropped on top of me.

My heart was beating like crazy, and I tried to calm it down by closing my eyes and breathing deeply, before getting my grip back. I thanked the lord it was a chilly day, with no winds, except the occasional breeze. My heart didn't calm until my feet touched the top floor of the Hub, and even then, my hands were still trembling.

"Are you okay?" I heard Forrest's voice in my ear and I nodded, moving away to give Jack room. While Forrest helped him, I focused to fixing my now messy bun, cursing silently about how troublesome my curls were.

"Sorry about that Lo." Jack's deep voice sounded from beside me. I waved him a wave with a small smile.

"Forget about it, you didn't kill me so that's a plus." He smiled sheepishly, running his hand through his hair before gesturing for me to go inside first. From there he led us to the stairs, stopping right at the floor where the choosing ceremony would be taking place.

Hearing voices coming from somewhere below us, I looked down the staircase to see people in grey walking up the steps talking quietly, or not at all. Abnegation, the faction where Beatrice belonged to.

I looked at them all in wonder, noting how they all dressed plainly, almost as if they were wearing matching uniforms. "Let's go, Michael already registered us since we didn't really come in through the front." Michael whispered in my ear pulling me through the doors and into the floor where the ceremony would be held. I looked behind us to see that Jack was already gone, probably heading to Erudite to leave the little box with the things Forrest requested.

"Why didn't we just get dropped off somewhere else around the city? What if someone saw something?" I murmured back watching in amazement as people mingled, all dressed according to their faction.

"Artificial fog to cover up the chopper, and the Hub is the tallest building in the city. The only place where the cameras wouldn't have caught us."

"Right." I looked around, catching sight of the Lockwood's by the doors speaking with people I assume were their friends. I guess Forrest must have spotted them too because he stopped walking, looking in the same direction I was.

"So those are our parents, huh?" Forrest nudged me confirming my suspicions. "I don't see any resemblance between us." He muttered scrunching up his nose.

"Shit really? Maybe it's because they aren't \_really\_ our parents." I



muttered sarcastically, just as our 'mother' turned around and sent us a mechanical smile.

"There you two are! I thought you guys would never wake up!" Helen, our fake mother, tsked, gaining the attention from our 'father' and their friends.

"I thought you wouldn't make it." Our 'father' teased lightly, a small frown playing on his lips, but the twinkle in his eyes gave away to his amusement.

"They actually seem nice." I murmured after sending them a sheepish smile. I felt bad using them and putting them at risk with Jeanine, but Forrest would be with them to keep an eye on them.

"At least you won't stay so you won't have to interact with them." He muttered back with a guilty expression.

"They can't visit during initiation." I say softly, as we get closer to them, keeping our distance as we waiting for them to lead us into the room.

"That eases my mind some." He whispered, shuffling closer to me as we stood behind our parents who were talking about scientific stuff with their friends. Finally, after a long heated discussion about one of their new gadgets, our 'parents' stepped away from their friends and lead us to find our seats. Along the way I caught sight of Beatrice and Caleb Prior with their parents, seeming to be conversing with Jeanine. Their results had come in yesterday, and Beatrice's had been manually entered, which made my father suspect she was Divergent. We hadn't gotten a full report before we left, so I wasn't sure.

I narrowed my eyes as I caught sight of some punks from Candor, bullying a few Abnegation teenagers. The poor kids looked just look down and didn't stand up to them. I moved to intervene, but Forrest's hand wrapped around my arm and pulled me back into a hug.

"Easy there, Lo, we can't draw attention to ourselves." He said low enough that only I could hear.

"Then I hope that punk picks dauntless, and that I get to fight him." I grumbled, glaring at the back of the kid's head. He had dark brown hair, was taller than me but lanky. I felt my brother's shoulders shake from his laughter, pulling me after his still laughing form to grab seats.

I ended up sitting next to our 'father'. He grabbed my hand affectionately and leaned into me to whisper something to me. "Whatever you choose, you're still our daughter." I looked up at him with curious eyes, detecting the sincerity in them, and I couldn't help the smile I sent him back.

The guilt I had been feeling eased a bit as I remembered what Michael had told me about the couple. Helen was barren and could not have children, even if the two genuinely wanted them. At least we had given them the chance to be parents, even if it was for a short moment.

The ceremony itself was long and boring, and I hadn't been paying

attention so it startled me when Forrest squeezed my hand and stood up. I had to resist the urge to grab his hand and not let him go. But I reluctantly released my hold on him and let him walk up to the stage. I watched with a heavy heart as he took the knife from Marcus Eaton, cutting his palm without hesitation and letting his blood drop in the water that represented Erudite. I let out a breath as I watched him take a gauze and press it against his hand before walking back over to us, his dark blue blazer stretching with the movement. After he had taken his seat and the applause had stopped, Marcus called my name.

"Louise Lockwood." I stood, waiting as Forrest stepped out to let me pass, squeezing his hand in goodbye.

"I love you." I whispered as I walked past him and onto the stage. I didn't hesitate either when I took the knife and cut my palm before placing it over the burning coals. The minute my blood dropped into it, sizzling from the fire, I heard the roaring applause from my fellow Dauntless. I laughed, pressing the gauze on my bleeding hand, before walking confidently over to my new faction. A boy my age, stood up, patting me on the back and motioning for me to take his seat.

The minute I was seated I immediately searched for my brother, who was already looking at me with a small, sad smile. It felt like it had only been looking at him for a minute, when the people around me stood up suddenly, rushing out of the room. I followed them, after one last look over my shoulder at my twin.

Once we hit the stairs everyone was running full speed down the stairs, eager to get out. I found myself laughing as I ran after them despite the heaviness in my heart. Trying to forget about leaving my brother, I focused on running straight for the train tracks and climbing up easily as if I had done it thousands of times before. The climb was easy compared to the climbing I had done whenever I accompanied the teams to the fringe.

I made it up in no time, not even out of breath. I looked over to see Beatrice Prior finally making it up, brushing her hands down her baggy clothes. I was surprised to see her here, and I couldn't help but think the danger if she was Divergent, Dauntless was the second worse faction for them to be in.

"Hey!" I called out to her, reaching up to pull my hair out of the tight bun. "I'm Lo." I introduced myself when she looked over at me. I casually walked over her, as if I was walking on the street instead of a narrow metal rail. "What's your name?" I smiled at her, not offering my hand knowing the "stiffs" weren't too fond on physical contact, no matter how small.

She smiled timidly back. "Beatrice." I sent her a lazy grin, looking around at our rowdy faction members.

"They're crazy aren't they?" I asked just as I began to feel the shaking underneath my feet. I looked up in time to see the train approaching us. Fast. "Well, guess it's time for more running." I sighed heavily, as I started running when I saw the others start to run. Turning back, I groaned quietly. She was just staring at the train as if she was fascinated by it, instead of moving. "Hey come on! It's not gonna stop!" I called out to her, not bothering to wait

for her. Knowing she'd make it " at least I was counting on her making it.

When the train zoomed past me, I pushed myself to full speed, catching up to the people in front of me, waiting for them to get in before grabbing on and swinging myself in. I stumbled a little when the guy before me hadn't fully moved out of the way. I grumpily shoved him out of my way before turning to see if Beatrice made it. Stepping closer, I ended up jumping back because she swung herself in. Once fully inside, she sat herself down by the door.

I laughed, as I sat in front of her, raising my eyebrow at her. She was out of breath and her cheeks were rosy red from the exercise. "Had fun?"

"So much." She rolled her eyes, but she was smiling. Beside her was a light skin girl from Candor.

"I think they're trying to kill us." She breathed, her face covered with a light sheen of sweat. "Christina." She held her hand out to Beatrice who shook it quickly and muttered her name, before she turned to me.

"Lo." I shook her hand firmly.

"Nickname?" She asked with a smirk, and I smirked back.

"Didn't think Louise was good enough for Dauntless." I rolled my eyes, laughing when she agreed.

It was at least 20 minutes later that an older dauntless woman gave us the heads up that we were getting off. Christina frowned and looked out the door carefully. "They're jumping." Came someone's horrified voice.

"What if we don't jump?" A tall muscular guy from Candor asked looking scared.

"Then your factionless." The punk that had been bullying the Abnegation scoffed, getting running started before jumping.

Christina turned to us with a weary smile on her face. "Together?" Beatrice nodded.

"I'll be right behind you guys." They jumped off together, and I didn't hesitate to follow. I landed on my toes, rolling once to absorb the impact. Straightening myself, I looked over at Christina and Beatrice sitting by the edge of the roof laughing hysterically.

Smirking I walked over to give them a hand. "That was a beautiful landing, I give you both a 9 for the effort." I joked as I pulled them to their feet.

"How did you manage to not hurt yourself?" Christina scowled playfully, as we both walked over to where everyone was gathering.

"What can I say? It's a gift." I shrugged my shoulders, sending them

a smirk.

Once there I caught sight of the most handsome man I had ever seen. He was tall, muscular, with blonde hair with the sides shaved short, leaving the middle longer. He had an eyebrow piercing that sparkled under the sun, and Jesus the tattoos! "I think I just fell in love." I muttered, checking him out without shame.

"Listen up initiates!" He called out loud and clear with what looked like a permanent scowl etched into his perfect face.

"Are you kidding me?" Christina scrunches up her face as she looks at me. We're both about the same height 5'4", while Beatrice was taller than us.

"Maybe it's the tattoos that's doing it for me." I murmur, running my eyes over him one more time, before it suddenly clicked. He was Eric Coulter, he defected from Erudite two years ago, making him my age and the youngest Dauntless leader. He was ranked second place in his class, bested by Tobias Eaton, Marcus' son whom he abused for years. He now went by Four. Looking around I didn't see him, which made me frown because now that I thought of it, I hadn't seen his name in the list of dauntless leaders.

"I'm Eric, one of the leaders here at Dauntless. Congratulations on making it this far. Now you have to make it into the Dauntless compound, and this is the way in." He tilts his head to indicated behind him. His intense grey eyes scanning the crowd quickly before landing on me. I raised an eyebrow at him, not impressed. Jumping off a roof? Really? That's the best they could come up with? I rolled my eyes, biting my lip to keep myself from laughing. It was a mean to just laugh, some people might be afraid of heights and this would be painful for them. But I expected more from Dauntless. Like maybe fighting our way in, with booby traps waiting for us at every corner or something like that - I don't really know.

"Is there water at the bottom or something?" Another Erudite transfer asked bringing me out of my thoughts. I was slightly surprised at the intense glare Eric was sending me before looking at the kid that spoke.

"Guess you'll find out." He shrugged carelessly, leaning back on the edge. "Is anyone going to man up and jump?" He looked around again, his eyes once more landing on me.

"What about you Nose?" he challenged me, stepping down from the ledge of the roof. The crowd of initiates parting for him, leaving an open path straight to me. "You up for it?"

My eyebrows shot up at his mocking tone, and I let out a light laugh "Why not?" I murmured with a small smile.

"Something funny, initiate?" he snapped at me as I stepped up beside him.

I tilted my head back to look at him, a smirk still playing at my lips as I shrugged out of my blazer. "Nothing at all, sir." I mock saluted him before stepping up on the ledge. I turned to look over at Beatrice and Christina who were looking at me with wide eyes. "See you on the other side." I flashed them a peace sign before take a

step backward. And suddenly I was flying.

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Hello guys! I've been having difficulty trying to post chapters and i have no idea why. They never finish loading and it takes me like ten tries just to upload it. But anyway hopefully the problem gets resolved because Im currently working on chapter 4 and I'd like to have it up by tomorrow :) \*\***

**\*\*Enjoy!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 3:\*\***

After I had taken the step off the roof, I ended up facing the sky, and it was a beautiful sight. The pretty white clouds littering the blue sky combined with the weightless feeling was enough to make me feel peaceful. But it was over just as quickly when I landed in the net. I bounced a few times before I finally settled in the center, pouting slightly because it was over. I yelped when the net was yanked hard enough to send me rolling towards the edge.

"Really?" A deep voice drawled. "A nose was the first jumper?" I looked up into warm brown eyes, meeting them with my own narrowed gold ones.

"What is it with you arrogant Dauntless and judging people so fast?" I snapped, ignoring his helping hand and jumped off the net easily. "I transferred for a reason." I sent him a quick scowl as I fixed my now wrinkled clothing as best as I could.

"Mouthy for a nose, what's your name?" He commented darkly, but there was a trace of amusement in his eyes. He looked slightly familiar, but I couldn't put a name to his face for the life of me. I'd read through a bunch of files Michael had deemed worthy of knowing.

"So I've been told." I muttered rolling my eyes. "And my names Lo." I added offhandedly, still trying to figure out who he was.

"First jumper, Lo!" He called back to the crowd behind him who cheered loudly. Before he could say anything else, a shadow swept over us briefly. Looking up, I saw the flash of grey that was from abnegation clothing and smiled brightly. "That's my girl!" I shouted as I tried to peek over the edge to catch a glimpse of Beatrice's face.

The guy stepped forward to jerk the net, catching her off balance and making her roll towards him. Beatrice's eyes were wide with excitement by the time he caught hold of her and helped her down. "You've got to be kidding me." He let out a snort as he looked her over. "Were you pushed?"

I almost laughed at the incredulous look she sent him right back. "No."

"So what's your name?" She hesitated for a moment, and he gave her an impatient look. "Is it a hard one? You can change it, but you wont be able to afterwards, so make it a good one."

This time she didn't hesitate. "Tris. My name is Tris." She smiled contently. I smirked, placing my hands on my hips.

"I might have underestimated you \_Tris\_." She laughed, but started to walk to where Grumpy pants pointed us to go to. I followed, tilting my head when I heard screaming. I watched in amusement as Christina bounced a few times on the net before settling. After her I didn't really bother paying attention to the jumpers.

"You're crazy." Christina breathed once she was by our side. "I don't know if Eric look impressed or ready to murder."

"Sorry, not sorry." I grinned, leaning my weight back on my right leg and crossing my arms. "He isn't the least bit scary, he is just simply an asshole." They laughed at me shaking their heads at my nonsense.

But we were interrupted by McGrumpy pants, I looked around and realized for the first time that all the initiates had already jumped down, including Eric. "Dauntless born you're with Lauren. I'm assuming you don't need a tour." His lips quirked into a small smirk. "Transfer's you're with me. I usually work in Intelligence, but I will be your instructor for the next two months. My names Four." That's when it clicked. Four; aka Tobias Eaton, ranked first in his class. Pretty

"Four? As in the number?" Christina snorted, and even I barely stopped myself from snickering.

"Exactly like the number." His low voice answered, with a raised eyebrow. Looking him over he looked a so much more different than the scrawny little boy from Abnegation. Seemed like Dauntless worked in his favor.

"What 1-3 were taken?" Christina snickered, making the majority of the group burst out laughing. I bit my lip to hold back my laughter because I had had the same exact reaction back when I first read his Dauntless file. But then I read about his fears and it all made sense.

His eyes narrowed, stepping forward to lean his face closer to hers. "What's your name?"

"Christina." My eyebrows shot up in surprise when she squeaked her name out.

"Well Christina," he hissed. "If I wanted to deal with smart mouth Candors, I would have joined their faction. First lesson you'll learn is to keep your mouth shut, clear?"

She nodded her head, not letting her breath out until he stepped away. "Jerk." She muttered grumpily, and I couldn't help but chuckle.

"Didn't know your voice could go that high." I teased nudging her shoulder with mine.

"Shut up." She mock scowled, stomping after the group. Tris was hiding a smile as she followed after Christina, me not far behind. Four led us to the 'Pit', and it was just that. A large pit

surrounded by rock walls, and according to him it was the center of life at Dauntless. I didn't doubt him for a second as I allowed myself to get distracted by a couple of muscular men fighting in the center of a large crowd.

I couldn't help but admire their skills. They were like dancers, moving swiftly and gracefully. I think even I'd struggle in a fight with one of them. "What do you think you're doing initiate?" A deep, husky voice barked from behind me, breaking me from my trance.

I blinked, turning around to come face to face with Eric. I had to admit, despite the permanent scowl on his face he was incredibly handsome. And his eyes nearly had me swooning. But then I thought about the suspicious meetings between Max, Jeanine and him, and I couldn't stop my eyes from narrowing. "I thought it was obvious." I gestured to the men still fighting. "I was enjoying the show." I had to resist the urge to laugh when I saw his scowl deepen. I looked past him to see that Four and the others had reached the other side of the Pit.

I brushed past Eric to catch up with them before they left me here to find my way back to where ever I had to be. But before I could get past him, Eric's hand closed around my arm, hard. I clenched my jaw to stop myself from making a sound as his grip tightened. "I'd watch my mouth if I were you. You're forgetting that I'm a leader and I control your ranking." He snarled quietly in my ear, as he started dragging me after him, back towards the group.

I rolled my eyes, ignoring the stinging pain in my arm as I took long strides to match his long ones. "I'm \_so \_sorry, boss." I drawled, leaning all my weight back suddenly, catching him off guard. His grip loosened enough that I could retch my arm out of his hold. "But thank you from bringing me back to the group, doubt little o' me could have parted the crowd like that." I smirked, eyeing the people that had given us a wide berth the minute they caught sight of Eric.

"Watch it." He snarled quietly getting in my face, eyes blazing. "Or you'll be factionless before training even starts."

I simply smirked, turning my back to him and sauntering off to catch up to Tris and Christina. Even after I was a distance away from him, I could still feel him glaring at me. I sighed, closing my eyes tightly, before opening them again. I had gone and done the one thing Michael had repeatedly told me not to do; I drew attention on myself. But it was as if I couldn't stop myself from talking back and acting out. It was because of this, that I'd always get in trouble back home. If I had decided to do this alone, my father would have never allowed me to go by myself because he didn't trust me to not get in trouble.

"Hey are you okay?" Christina murmured quietly, as we followed Four through the maze of hallways. She peeked over her shoulder for a second before turning back around so fast I was afraid she'd get whiplash. "Because Eric looks like he wouldn't mind throwing you into the Chasm." I had missed that part of the tour, having been occupied with my little spat with the steel eyed devil. I had been so worried about breaking my promise to Michael that I hadn't even batted an eyelash when I had to cross the bridge that only had railings on one side, leaving the other open for anyone to fall off at any second.

"Yeah, he was just being an ass." I rolled my eyes, while I kept track of the amount of hallways we were passing, mapping out the compound like I had been trained to. "I'd been distracted by the fight at the Pit."

"And he seemed so friendly up at the roof." She muttered sarcastically, and I couldn't hold back my giggles.

"This is where you'll be sleeping during your training." I looked up just in time to see Four open a large metal door, gesturing for us to enter first. We stepped in, walking down the steps into a decent sized room with ten beds. "And before any of you ask, yes both boys and girls will be staying here." A bunch of people started muttering, not liking the arrangements, and I didn't miss the smirk that appeared on Four's face. I frowned, knowing that the next announcement wasn't going to be any better. "If you like this, you're going to love the bathrooms, he strolled in a damp, dingy room, smaller than the one where the beds were, but big enough to hold sinks in the center and shower heads with no stalls all around the room.

"You've got to be kidding me." Christina muttered looking around the room with disgust. Tris had a similar expression on her face.

"Alright, so here's how this is all going to work." Eric's loud voice echoed throughout the room. "You are only allowed to leave the compound as long as a Dauntless member is with you. Initiation consists of two stages and then the final test. First stage is physical training; it will start at 8 sharp tomorrow and will continue until 6, with a lunch break. After 6 you're free to do whatever you want. Stage two is mental, preparing you to face your worst fears and learn to fight through them. You will get a break between each stage."

"During the first stage we keep you separate from the Dauntless born since they have more experience than you." Four added in, leaning against the railing by the door we first walked in through. "But even though you will train separately, you will be ranked together."

"Why are we being ranked?" Someone from the front asked.

"They determine what job you can choose from after initiation. There are very few desirable ones." Four said shrugging, but I didn't miss the way Eric rolled his eyes.

"It also determines which of you gets cut, only the top 10 become members." Eric added with a smirk.

"What?!" Someone shouted. "Why didn't someone tell us this before?"

I looked over to Christina who looked outraged at the news, while Tris had grown sickly pale. I felt bad for her. She must have been thinking about the odds of her making it and according to her expression it wasn't looking good to her.

Looking back over at Eric, I watched as his eyes hardened. "Would it have matter? Would you have chosen differently otherwise? If so then



you don't belong in Dauntless." He leaned closer to the person who had spoken. "You chose us, now we get to choose you."

With that he turned and left the room. We didn't speak, too lost in our thoughts, processing what we'd been told. I had known from the beginning how tough Dauntless initiation was, it was also the longest out of all the factions, lasting two months.

It was Four who broke the silence. "Get dressed, there's clothes in the bunks by your beds. When you're done you can follow me to burn your old clothes and then head down to the cafeteria to get dinner." With that he left us to get dressed.

I picked the bed closest to the door, with Tris to my right and Christina next to her. I threw the trunk open, rummaging through the clothes, noting they were too big. "Trade?" Tris winced, pulling out pants that looked to be around my size.

"Yes, please." I laughed tossing her the clothes I found and taking the ones she had. Picking out a pair of black cargo pants and a black, long sleeve shirt, I began stripping, starting with my pants.

Someone let loose a wolf whistle. "God damn Erudite, you really put the stiff to shame." I recognized the annoying voice. I turned my head to glare at the Candor that I had wanted to fight earlier today. His name was Peter; I had learned it after he jumped.

"Ignore him." I muttered to Tris, who was bright red as she shrugged off her dress, holding it to her chest as she hurried to pull on a shirt much like the one I picked.

I sighed happily as I pulled on the tight black shirt, feeling much more comfortable in the snug pants that hugged my hips and ass but were slightly loose from my knee down. Exchanging the flats for combat boots, I felt more like myself than I had in that stuffy erudite suit.

"Ready to destroy the last remnants of our old life?" I murmured lowly, wiggling my eyebrows.

"I'm more ready for food!" Chris groaned, putting a hand over her stomach. I laughed, gathering my old clothes, and skipping out the room.

Four was outside leaning against the wall waiting for us, and didn't hesitate to lead us to a bin with a burning fire in it. I tossed the bright blue clothes in without remorse, but I did notice Tris's hesitation. I didn't comment on it, not wanting to make her uncomfortable. It was quiet as we walked through the halls until we suddenly heard loud voices and yelling coming from up ahead. Craning my neck to look over Four's shoulder I could see people sitting on metal benches eating, talking and laughing. I couldn't help but raise my eyebrows at the sight of people who were either covered in tattoos and piercings or had wild hair styles dyed bright colors. Sometimes even both.

"Where do you want to sit?" Christina asked looking over her shoulder at us. It was Tris who indicated to a table with a few empty seats. There were two seats right between another candor boy and Four.

"Eh, why not?" I shrugged, heading around the table to sit across from Four, leaving Chris and Tris to figure out who was going to sit next to him. It ended up being Tris, but he barely glanced up at us.

The boy next to me with unruly brown hair that fell in his eyes, introduced himself as Will. He transferred from Erudite, and the guy on Christina's other side was Al, Candor. They had a field day teasing each other about their old factions before Will turned to look at me with a confused look on his face. "You know I don't really remember you from Erudite." He stated it, but I had sounded like a question. I had to resist the urge to groan, not really wanting to get into it with a Nose, as the Dauntless referred to them.

"I don't really remember you either." I grinned. "But then again I never really paid attention to anyone, also focusing on whatever project I was working on." I rolled my eyes, a teasing smile on my lips.

"I'm sure I would have seen you around, hell I didn't even know the Lockwood's had a daughter."

"And son." I added after taking of my burger. "Boyce, my twin brother."

Will opened his mouth to say something, but Four spoke up instead. "I don't want to hear about your old factions, you're Dauntless now." He said coldly, glancing at us as he took a sip of his water."

"Were you a transfer too, or Dauntless born?" Tris asked casually, and I couldn't help but raise my eyebrow at her forwardness. Christina almost choked on her food, and Will just glanced back and forth between Tris and Four, eyes wary.

"Are you kidding me?" Four asked incredulously, turning to face her.

"No." Tris responded but I caught the blush rising on her cheeks, and bit my lip to stop myself from butting in to get the spotlight off her. I had already drawn the attention of a faction leader, I didn't need to add the attention of my instructor too.

"What makes you think you can talk to me?" He snapped.

Her blush deepened, but surprisingly she didn't back down, simply stared at him for a moment longer. "It must be because your so approachable." She murmured at last, her answer making me let out a bark of laughter and Christina to spit out her water.

Four eyes snapped up to meet mine, and I bit my lip again to stop my laughter. His eyes went back to Tris, before looking at the wall behind me, taking another sip of his water, but not before speaking. "Watch it." It was silent for a moment, before Eric suddenly came over to our table, pulling over a chair and straddling it. "Aren't you going to introduce me?" He sent a cold smile to Four, nodding over to the three of us.

"This is Tris, Christina and Lo." He mutters nodding to each of us in turn. I didn't look at Eric instead focused on my fries, but I could

feel his gaze on mine. I'd started enough crap with him, I didn't need to keep adding more, when I knew what my true mission was. Stay under the radar, and figure out how to get into the Dauntless computer system.

"Max has been looking for you."

"Tell him I'm fine with my current job in the control room." I looked up at Four surprised.

"You work in the control room?" I asked before I could stop myself. He nodded, giving me a weird look. "It's just that you said you worked with Intelligence; I didn't think you be stuck behind a monitor for a job like that." I lied quickly, ignoring the burning gaze from the silvery blue eyes I knew were watching me intensely.

"I monitor the entire city; I know exactly what's going on everywhere. It's my job to make sure nothing gets by us." He looked at Eric this time. "It's the job I wanted, and the one I picked after initiation." After initiation I bit my tongue to stop myself from cursing out loud.

"So Max was offering you a new job?" I heard the curiosity laced with his usual bored tone.

"Yup, but my answer is still the same as the first time." Was Four's curt response.

"Then I'll let him know." I saw Eric's hand land roughly on Four's shoulder before he left. I let out the breath I didn't realize I was holding, feeling more relaxed without him there.

"Is he one of your friends?" I heard Tris ask. I frowned, knowing from the way Eric acted that he like antagonizing Four, and from Four's body language, it was obvious he didn't like Eric at all.

"No, we were in the same Initiate class." Was his short reply.

"He's pretty young for a Dauntless leader." Christina murmured.

"Age doesn't matter here at Dauntless."

"Clearly, it does." I murmured scanning the cafeteria once before voice my thoughts. "I don't see any old people around here. We all have an expiration date and it's only a matter of time." I looked back at Four who was looking at me with open curiosity. "Am I wrong?"

He didn't answer, instead he got up from the table and left. "And I'll take that as a 'I'm right'." I took a sip of water.

"I was right too, about my theory." Christina chirps, smiling as she takes a bite of her burger. At the questioning glances we gave her, she swallowed her food quickly to explain. "That you two," She points at Tris and I. "have a death wish." At that we all laughed.

"I don't have a filter. I talk without thinking most of the time." I shrugged.

"You sure you're not from Candor then?" Al teases, and I couldn't help but smirk.

"I would have made a hell of a member in Candor." I said cockily, before getting up and taking my garbage with me to throw out on my way out. "Now if you excuse me, but I'm going to go get some beauty sleep. Seems like I'll need it if I'm gonna be taking punches from the lot of you." I wink right before I turned to leave.

Once I was out of the cafeteria, I couldn't help but running run a hand through my hair, frustrated. There was no way an initiate was going to be allowed into the control room, it was where they monitored everything and everyone. It would be the most secured place in the compound, meaning I'd have to pass initiation and pick a job there. That would be in two months; what if it was too late by then? I needed to think of a way to get in there without rising suspicions.

I let out a frustrated sound, before leaning against the wall, shivering when the exposed skin from where my shirt rode up, touched the cold wall. I braced my hands on my knees, bowing my head in order to recover my calm. My entire body was tense, coiled as if ready to strike at anyone and anybody.

"Relax." I took a deep breath. "Release." I let it out. "Ease." I rolled my shoulders before standing up straight. Rolling my shoulders one more time, I let out a growl not feeling anymore relaxed than I did ten seconds ago.

"Worried already, Initiate? Training hasn't even started yet." A dark voice chuckled lowly, making my muscle tense up even more. Looking back the way I came, I saw a dark silhouette of a tall, muscled man.

"What makes you think that's what I'm worried about?" I drawled. Loosening myself, ready if he decided to attack. He didn't answer, staying silent for a minute before stepping into the dim lighting of one of the few lamps scattered through the halls.

Eric didn't speak while he kept walking until he was right in front of me, and I was looking up at him since he had to be over 6 feet tall.

"What else could you be worrying about?" He smirked, looking down at me, head tilted back, stance lazy but yet ready to strike just like me.

"Maybe I'm worried about my friends." I slipped my hands into the pockets of my pants. "It's not hard to see who the vicious ones are, and they're usually the ones willing to go low enough to eliminate competition."

"You think your friends are competition?" He sounded like he was holding back his laughter.

A smirk tugged at my lips as I turned my back on him, walking away. "We all have potential, don't judge people by their appearance. The weak ones are always the ones to surprise us."

#### 4. Chapter 4

\_Im so happy to see comments from you guys! I want you guys to feel free to comment any time! I really want to know what you guys think and if you like it!\_

\_Juyon! I like Lo too! lolol :) i think she's a good match for Eric ;)\_

\_Thank you \_\_izzy Uchiha for thinking my story is amazing! It means a lot to me:)\_

\_And for Guest for liking it !\_

**\*\*Chapter 4:\*\***

I sighed as I stood under the running water for a moment longer, enjoying the way the hot water eased some of the tension from my shoulders. I had woken up earlier than the rest, knowing that I needed to check in with Michael, who'd let Forrest know that I was alright. After my run in with Eric last night, I had taken the time to explore the compound carefully, checking where the cameras were and finding a perfect spot between the dorms and the cafeteria that didn't have a camera tucked away.

Turning the water off, I dried myself before wrapping my hair with the same towel. I dressed in the clothes I had picked out before showering, a pair of leggings and a tight v neck t-shirt. I walked out of the bathroom, my socked feet making absolutely no noise as I made my way to my bed to pick up my sneakers and my watch that I had hidden under my mattress.

Without putting them on I made my way to the spot, with the watch held tightly in my hand. Once there I lowered myself onto the floor, placing my shoes beside me, and thinking about what to tell Michael. After making my mind up, I started typing the message in Morris code, something I had hated but was forced to learn.

\_"\_\_Initiation Day 1. Fine. Complication with infiltration of control room. I will figure it out."\_

After sending the message, I switched it back to clock view, noting that it was just half past six. I had half an hour before the rest would wake up, that is if no one had woken up yet. I leaned my head back against the wall, waiting for Michael's response. I didn't wait even 10 minutes before I felt it vibrate.

\_"\_\_Forrest had better luck. Be careful. Be ready in a month. Capture the Flag." \_I narrowed my eyes, wondering what they we're up too. They had a better communicating system considering Forrest was surrounded by computers and an easier access to Erudite system. I felt incredibly frustrated with the entire situation and I had to resist the urge to sneak out of the compound and go to Erudite.

I didn't answer, instead I stood back up and headed back to the dorms, stopping to pick up some muffins. When I turned the corner to the hall where it was, I caught sight of Four heading in with something in his hand. Confused I carefully made my way over. I didn't flinch when I heard the loud banging, having been prepared for

anything.

"Wake up! You got 5 minutes to meet me in the pit!" His voice rang out, and I felt myself relax. It was our wake up call. I made myself jump when he stalked out, acting as if he had startled me. He eyes me carefully, taking in the muffins I held in my hand, one which I was munching on. "What are you doing up and about?"

I smiled sheepishly at him. "I'm used to waking up early, my brother and I had a routine back at Erudite." I looked down at my sneaker's, shrugging. "Old habits die hard." I peeked up at him to see him nod at me before leaving.

Rolling my eyes, I stepped into the dorms to see Christina and Tris getting ready. Christina looked like she was half awake, while Tris looked like she hadn't slept at all last night. It was kind of difficult with Al crying all night, but I had managed.

"Morning sunshine." I sang, leaning on the railing, taking another bite of my muffin. "You two looking lovely this fine morning." I laughed, when Chris sent me a dark look. "Aw don't be a grump, I brought you two food." I tossed the muffins at them, each landing on their beds.

"Thank you!" Chris exclaimed suddenly more awake as she took a big bite. Tris just smiled at me in thanks, nibbling on it.

Afterwards the three of us made our way to the pit, where Four and Eric we waiting for us. We walked over to where Al, Will, Peter and his group of friends were standing, waiting for instructions. Four looked around, checking to see if we were all there before stepping forward. "Alright, today we will start you guys off with gun training. So follow me." He led us up back to the roof, where they had set up targets all along the roof.

"You will be learning how to shoot this week, and you will be scored based on your progress. At the end of the week, you will take your final test." Eric smiled, but it wasn't a nice one. It was a cold and cruel smile. A few initiates began murmuring about the test, some nervous, and it was clear as day that Eric enjoyed watching them squirm.

Tilting my head to the side, examining him, thinking it was such a shame. I had read his file, he was in the top 5 of his class at Erudite, but he had anger issues, so it wasn't a surprise that his results had been Dauntless. He had potential to be a great soldier, but here, he was encouraged to embrace his viciousness. He could separate himself from his emotions, making him the perfect killing machine; the perfect puppet for whatever Jeanine wanted to accomplish.

"Watch me first." Four called out, snapping me out of my thoughts. And it was only then that I realized that Eric was staring back at me, curiosity shining in his eyes as he started intently back at me. I broke eye contact first, pretending to watch Four as he demonstrated how to hold a gun, the proper stance and then shooting the target. One bullet in the head, and another where the heart was supposed to be. After that he told us to grab a gun and start practicing.

I mechanically grabbed a gun, checking the chamber to make sure it was loaded, grabbing a few extra cartages before stepping up to a target. Christina and Al were to my right, while Tris and Will were to my left. I took up aim, purposely aiming for the dummy's shoulders and torso, not wanting to hit my targets right off the bat. I did that for a while, until I deemed it okay to hit my targets.

"You're really good at this." Christina commented from beside me. Looking over to her dummy, I saw that not all her bullets had hit it, only four holes scattered across its chest.

I shrugged with a smile. "I think it's fun."

"All your bullets have hit the target, and you didn't even flinch during the recoil. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you've had experience." A voice murmured from behind me.

Turning my head, I grinned, lowering my gun and putting the safety on. "My father was the head of the department of Weaponry and Ammunition. I worked with him a lot and tested most of the guns." I explained with a shrug.

He hummed, nodding for me to continue, and I did so ignoring the feeling of being watched. From beside me Tris wasn't having any luck; she hadn't hit the target even once. "Statistically speaking, you should have hit the target by now." Will's voice said matter of fact, and I didn't miss the way her eyes hardened with determination and started shooting again, but still didn't hit the target.

"Widen your stance, and line up your arms to your chest. The recoil will throw off your aim so aim lower than where you wanna hit. Take a deep breath and release it when you shoot." I spoke lowly so only she could hear me, never taking my eyes off my own target. She paused, and I felt her staring at me, so I flicked my eyes over to meet hers. For a moment, I wondered if she really was Divergent, and if so I hope she knew she had to protect herself. Nodding once, she turned back to the target and did what I told her, and sure enough she hit the target. Not anywhere vital but it was something. Smiling to myself I continued with my own training.

The rest of the week continued about the same, Tris getting better and better with a gun, and before we knew it. It was the day of our test. Eric had been busy with the Dauntless born initiates, so I hadn't had to worry about him for the time being. Christina, Will, Al, Tris and I had become good friends, and it was nice to have close friends. I had never had any besides Michael because of who my father was.

"Are you nervous about the test?" Tris asked me as we helped ourselves to breakfast in the cafeteria. Will and Christina were talking, and it was easy to see that Christina was shamelessly flirting with him. Al was sitting across from us eating his breakfast calmly, now looking up at us to hear my answer.

"I doubt she is, have you seen her skills with the gun?" he asked with a teasing smile, but his eyes were uneasy. I knew he was worried about the rankings. He was barely above the red line, while I was in 4th. Edward, Peter and Will ahead of me, and Christina in 8th. Tris was below the red line, but even she didn't look as upset about my skills as Al did.

"I mean we're running across the roof and hitting moving targets." I shrugged scooping up eggs and shoving them in my mouth, trying to keep my annoyance at bay. "I only got experience with nonmoving targets, just like the rest of you." I lied easily.

"I'm sure you'll do great." Tris assured me. It was amazing how much she had changed over the course of the week, seemingly more confident in herself. She was determined to rise up in the rankings.

"Thanks, so will you." I nudged her with my shoulder. "Don't think I haven't seen how much you've improved." She laughed lightly, her eyes traveling across the room, meeting Four's gaze. I couldn't help my smirk, nudging her once more. "Don't think I haven't noticed that either." I murmured lowly, not wanting Al to hear since I knew he had feelings for her.

"Shut up." She muttered lowering her head so her hair covered the blush that spread across her face.

"Hey I don't blame you." I smirked, trying to hold back my laughter. "He's easy on the eyes." I winked, unable to hold my laughter when she turned even redder.

"What?" Al straightened up, looking between Tris and I. "Who's easy on the eyes?" I laughed even harder at Tris' horrified expression.

"No one!" her voice was muffled from being buried in her hands. I was about to comment, when a tray slammed down beside Al, making him stiffen up. My laughter cut off abruptly as my golden hazel eyes met silvery blue ones.

"Something funny initiates?" His low, husky voice asked, looking at each of us in turn. Even Will and Christina had stopped flirting, eyeing the Dauntless leader cautiously.

"Nothing." I said breezily, picking my fork up and continuing with my breakfast. Tris didn't touch her food, and I looked up to see she was looking at Eric wearily. "So Tris, finally decided on whether you want a tattoo or not?" I asked, trying to get her to stop her stare down with Eric.

If she was Divergent, I don't want her on Eric's radar, even if she might already be on it. Jeanine gets all the feedback from the test results, and it wouldn't be surprising if she knew that Tris' results were inconclusive.

"I don't know yet." She finally answered turning to look at me.

"We should go today after the test!" Christina jumped in, looking beyond excited. "I've been dying to get one."

"Maybe you'll find something you'll like." I offered looking over to Tris.

She furrowed her eyebrows at me. "You're not getting one?"

"Yeah I am." I smirked. "I talked to one of the artist about it yesterday. Said they'd have a sketch ready by today."



"What you ask for?" Al asked curiously.

I put my finger to my lips, winking at him. "You'll see."

After that we all left the cafeteria, heading towards the roof for our final gun test. I rolled my shoulders, then my head, trying to relax my tense muscles, but I couldn't. I felt Eric's presence, silently following after us. On our way, we ended up running into Peter, Molly and Drew, much to our annoyance. Luckily they ignored us, whispering amongst themselves.

The closer we got to the roof, the worse Al's nerves started getting. "Hey." I whispered, touching his arm with my hand. "You're going to do fine, you're not as good as me, but you got it." I teased, watching as he relaxed laughing softly.

"Why are you lying to the poor kid?" A voice I knew too well called out from behind us, and I just barely resisted the urge to punch him. "He's almost as bad as the stiff."

"Shut up Peter." I warned in a low voice, even though I silently prayed he didn't so I could finally kick his ass. I knew he was an asshole since I first saw him bothering Abnegation back at the choosing ceremony, but lately he's been even worse. His main target seeming to be Tris, and now Al. His viciousness and ranking made him a favorite amongst the Dauntless leaders, even if he did seem to get on their nerves sometimes.

"Are you really going to defend him?" he laughed harshly, stepping up so his face was close to mine. "You and I both know who the real man is here." He looked me up and down.

"Fuck you." I growled lowly, squaring my shoulders, my hand twitching with the urge to punch him.

He smirked, pressing himself against me. "Anytime, anywhere, babe." He reached down to try and grab my ass, but I was faster.

I grabbed his wrist, twisting it behind his back and slamming him against the stone wall. "Next time you try to touch me again; I'll break your fucking wrists." I hissed, slamming him against the wall once more when he struggled. "Understand?!" I snarled, putting more pressure on his wrist, smirking when he whimpered in pain.

"Yes!" he yelled through his clenched teeth.

"Good." I let him go, the smirk never leaving my face when he slumped down on the floor.

"Damn, Lo." I turned my head to see Christina and Will laughing at Peter who was scrambling to get back to his feet, glaring at me. Beside them Tris and Al were looking at me in disbelief, and I couldn't blame them. I was like a head shorter than him, but I wasn't scrawny, and they knew that.

"That was pathetic." I froze, hearing Eric's voice, mentally kicking myself for forgetting about him. I turned to see him looking at Peter, his lip curled in disgust. "She's half your size and you couldn't even break her hold?" Then his eyes turned to me. "How did

you do it?" he mused coming closer to me.

I shrugged, trying to feign nonchalance. "He pissed me off." I looked over towards Peter who was glaring at me, his cheeks red with humiliation. "And there was no way I was gonna let him put his dirty ass hands on me." I spat, glaring back.

"Hm." Eric looked me up and down, his eyes running up the length of my body slowly. I felt my body heating up under his inspection, and that pissed me off more than Peter's stupid face.

"What?" I lifted my chin, challenging him with my eyes. "You gonna punish me for roughening up your initiate, boss man?"

His eyes blazed with barely control anger, the piercing over his eye glinting menacingly in the light. "Watch yourself initiate, you're threading a thin line here." His voice rang out like a whip, and I had to bite my tongue from saying something else that could get me in trouble. Instead I spun on my heels and started towards the roof again, my friends following me.

"You're really insane!" Christina hissed, casting a look over her shoulder before facing me again.

"He gets on my nerves." I muttered through clenched teeth, wishing I could go back there and punch Eric in his perfect fucking face.

"Which one?" Will asked amused, walking beside Christina, his arm close enough to brush hers.

"Both of them." I huffed out, my hands itching to get my hands on a gun. I was so mad that I threw the door open, making it crash against the wall. Four's head snapped up, narrowing on me but I ignored him, walking over to lean against the edge, trying to get my temper under control.

"Are you okay?" Tris' quiet voice asked me, snapping me out of my calming techniques.

"No." I answered honestly. "I'm just getting sick of the assholes around here."

"Glad to know that's how you feel about me." I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath.

"Glad to know that you love following me around." I snapped, opening my eyes to glare at Eric, who was standing behind Tris, an amused smirked on his face.

"Garb a gun." He barked, his eyes blazing, his smirk turning cruel. I narrowed my eyes on him, walking over to a table with a dissembled gun and a single cartage. "You have 5 minutes to assemble it and hit every mark."

I raised an eyebrow at him. "Or what?" By now all the initiates were already on the roof, their eyes flashing between Eric and me uneasily. I knew I was overstepping some boundary, but his holier than thou attitude was pissing me off. I was used to being the top dog back at the Bureau, and no one ever made it out a fight unscathed

after talking to me like this.

But here, I had to take it and any punishment if I didn't do as expected. Knowing this, I still opened my goddamn mouth as if Eric wouldn't kill me without hesitation.

"You're going to wish you never chose Dauntless." He sneered, stepping closer to me until there was barely any room between us.

"I'm so scared." I laughed mockingly. Before I could even blink, he grabbed my arm so hard I had to bite my tongue to stop myself from making a sound. He practically threw me against the table.

"5 minutes! NOW!" I didn't say anything else, my hands automatically began assembling the gun with ease. Less than a minute later I was stepping up to the first target, shooting before moving to the next, crouching to get a good hit on the fast moving target. Each and every time, my bullets hit the mark.

When I hit the last target, I turned to Four who had the stop watch in his hand. He was looking at me with an unreadable expression, and I had to resist the urge to scream when I saw the suspicion in his eyes. "Two minute and thirty-five seconds."

"Am I done?" I asked, putting on the safety and setting it back down on the table.

"Yes." I didn't wait another second, instead I stalked out, needing to talk to my brother, to Michael. But I can't. I head over to the chasm, sitting with so my legs were swinging back and forth, and leaning my arms over the railing, pacing my forehead at them. I don't know how long I stayed there, only that it had been a while of me lost in my thoughts, listening to people come and go until I forgot about them and focused on the storm in my head. "I'm never going to make it." I groaned, lifting my head and scrubbing my hand over my face.

"Not if you keep antagonizing Eric." Fours low voice drawled. I didn't look up, instead I kept my head in my hand.

"Yeah well I can't help it if he keeps provoking me." I sighed heavily, looking up to watch the crashing waves below. "My temper was never nice to begin with, and he just knows what buttons to push."

"You're something else, Lo." He smiled at me, and I couldn't help but laugh.

"Yeah, I get that a lot." I replied sheepishly scratching the back of my head. "Hey did the tests end?" I questioned, standing up and stretching.

"Yeah a while ago actually." He looked around as if remembering where we were. "Your friends are in the cafeteria; they were looking for you."

"Thanks Four!" I waved at him and started jogging towards the dorms for a quick shower and change of clothes. Earlier in the week Christina had convinced us to go shopping so I had gotten new clothes

that I could wear outside of training. After putting my wet curly hair up in a bun I pulled on a pair of leather leggings and a black long sleeved cropped top, and finally shoved my feet in a pair of combat boots before heading to the cafeteria.

Stepping inside, I saw that my friends were already halfway through their lunch. Chris was the first one to spot me. "Lo!" She yelled, waving her hand over her head. Unfortunately, she caused people to turn and lookâ€¦ including Eric.

Ignoring him, I made my way towards them, noticing they had also changed out of their training clothes. "Where were you?! We were looking for you." Chris looked so worried for me, I felt my heart clench as I sat down next to Tris.

"I'm sorry, I just needed to get out of there." I played with a stray curl that had escaped my bun. "Eric makes me so mad it's ridiculous." I muttered, my eyes straying over to where he was. He was wearing a sleeveless shirt with black jeans and hell if it didn't make him more delicious than usual. It also gave me a great view of his tattoos.

I looked away before I made a fool of myself. "Hey, it's okay." Tris placed her hand on my shoulder. "You had the best time of the class, which pissed Peter \_and\_ Eric off." She smiled.

I smirked feeling extremely proud of myself even if I no doubted made it onto Eric's watch list. "Forgetting those two dickwads, are we still on for tattoos today?" I murmured picking up an apple.

"Hell yes! I really want to see you tattoo!" We finished eating quickly, then heading off towards where all the shops were. We didn't even bother stopping to explore the shops, instead heading straight to the tattoo parlor. When we entered I caught sight of Tori, the artist whom I had been talking about my design with. Grinning, I made my way to her, excited about finally getting the piece I wanted.

"Hey!" I called getting her attention. She looked up with a friendly smile until she caught sight of something behind me. She lost her smile and her eyes darkened with anger. Turning my head, I saw Tris looking straight at Tori as if she knew her already. "Do you know her?" I asked Tris quietly, worry clear in my voice.

Nodding subtly, she started looking at the designs on the wall. "She administered my test."

Suddenly it all made sense. Tori knew about her results and had probably warned her to stay in Abnegation because it was safer than Dauntless. "I take it she didn't like your decision." I murmured casually admiring a rose design, ignoring the way Tris' head snapped in my direction.

"Excuse me?" her breathless voice gave her away, and she was lucky I wasn't someone else.

"Dauntless isn't exactly the safest place for people like us." I shrugged winking at her shocked face. "And you really need to work on your lying skills if you don't want the wrong people to find out."

"Who are these people, and why don't they like people like us?" She got closer to me, turning her body to face mine. Her eyes were wide and sparkling with a million questions.

"We'll talk about it, but not here, or now." I looked pointedly at the camera at the corner of the parlor. Her eyes flickered to it briefly before her shoulders slumped in relief. "Hey, we'll be fine. Just don't call attention onto yourself—more than normal." I winked at her, heading over to Tori with a bright smile.

"Ready for that tattoo?" She was gathering her tools stiffly, her eyes not looking up.

"Yeah I am." She motioned for me to take a seat. "Don't be too hard on her. It would have been harder to fit in in any other faction with that determination of hers." I murmured quietly, straddling the chair. She jerked as if she had been hit, and I sighed when her eyes shot to mine.

"You know?" She asked in disbelief, eyes furious as they looked up at Tris.

"Actually, I am." I technically wasn't lying. Divergence was associated with pure genes, and I was pure according to my father's bullshit research.

"Who administered your test?" She hissed urgently. "How are you still alive?" Her face twisted painfully.

"My mother knew about my Divergence because she practiced a new dose of the serum on me and destroyed the results to protect me. She taught me how to hide it." The lie slipped smoothly from my lips. She looked at me for a moment longer, trying to determine if I was lying or not. I let out a long sigh, leaning my head on my arm. "I'd like it on my back, from top of my shoulders to the end of my back."

It was a few more silent seconds before she gestured for me to take my shirt off. I did so, holding it against my chest before unclipping my bra. I heard her shuffling around preparing a large pad with the design, and made myself comfortable. I let my right arm dangle, laying my chin on my left arm.

"She'll be okay you know." I murmured after she adjusted the pad over my back. "I'll help her." I said seriously.

"I don't want to see her get hurt." Her voiced sounded pained and I reached back to pat her knee.

"Have some faith in us." I teased trying to ease the mood. "Now no more depressing talk, let's focus on the amazing tattoo that you designed for me." I grinned, my eyes finding my friends across the room. Christina was getting tatted while Will was sitting by her head holding her hand and I couldn't help but smirk. Al and Tris were still looking over the other designs.

"You haven't even seen it yet." She laughed, smoothing it over. "It will hurt because of the pieces that run over your spine."

"Bring it on." I called over my shoulder. "And I have seen your work, Tori." I snorted. "I trust that this one won't disappoint."

Before she could reply, I heard heavy footsteps enter the shop, and the room quieted almost instantly. Raising an eyebrow, I turned my head to the side to see who it was. I nearly groaned out loud when I saw him. "I can never get a fucking break, man." I growled burying my face in my arm when I heard his steps get closer and closer.

"Tori, when are you going to be free?" His deep voice soothed me despite my hatred for him. It was low and rough but yet it flowed out so smoothly that it was calming.

"She's my only client at the moment, and it's a big one so she won't be done for another 40 minutes."

"What that long?" My head jerked up in surprise. I looked over at her in surprise.

"What did ya expect? Wham bam thank you ma'am?" She joked, her eyes twinkling in amusement.

"Well duh." I rolled my eyes, my lips twitching. She laughed lightly, turning to face Eric without the fear that most Dauntless members regarded him with.

"You willing to wait or you wanna reschedule?" I didn't look at him, but I felt his eyes burning me.

"I'll wait." And because my luck is just so wonderful, I heard him drag a chair over and plant himself in it. Looking up to my right, I saw him straddling the chair, watching me with a smirk on his face. "Initiate." He nodded at me, his eyes hard as steel.

"Boss man." I mimicked him. "Getting more ink?" I asked nonchalantly, my eyes trailing over the blocks on his heck and arms.

"Nah, I just thought I'd keep Tori here company." He said sarcastically and I couldn't help but roll my eyes. I didn't even bother responding, instead just laid my head down again, but he obviously didn't take the hint that I was done with the conversation. Or then again, he probably didn't care "You were impressive out there." His tone put me on edge, because I knew he wasn't complimenting me, he was leading up to whatever he really wanted to say. "Too impressive for a Nose." And there it was.

"My father was the head of the department of Weaponry and Ammunition." I shrugged, telling him what I told Four because it wasn't a lie, so if he decided to follow up it, he'd see I wasn't lying. "Worked with him on a few on his projects, testing most of them out."

"Interesting." He hummed, and I didn't like the way he doubted me. He was focusing too much on me as it was, I didn't need him on my ass more than he already was.

"Lo!" My head snapped up to see Christina bounding over to me, slowing down when she saw Eric. Her face furrowing in confusion, eyes flashing over to me in question. 'I don't know' I mouthed to her, not being able to shrug in fear of messing up the progress of my tattoo. "Um how much longer to do got?"

I looked at Tori, and she got the hint that she should answer. "Twenty-five more minutes." I looked over at her to see her biting her lip, looking unsure.

"What's up?"

"I wanted to take Tris shopping and the shops close in like another hour." She murmured sheepishly.

"Hey go, I already suffered through a shopping session with you, it's only fair Tris does too." I joked, shooing her away.

"Really?" I shot her a look making her laugh. "Alright, alright! Show us your tattoo later when you get back!" I sent her a thumbs up, watching in amusement and she ran out of the parlor, dragging Tris after her.

"You're horrible." Tori muttered under her breath.

"She needs to come out of her shell a little more." I waved my head dismissingly. "She'll thank me later." I smirked thinking about her and a certain instructor of ours. It was quiet for the remainder of the time, and just as I was dozing off, Tori announced it was finished.

"Ready to see it?" She asked and I nodded, straightening in the chair, barely remembering to grab my clothes to keep me from flashing the entire shop. She pulled a mirror in front of me and then another behind me, allowing me to see the large willow tree that ran from the tops of my shoulders down the right side of my body. The branches branched out across my shoulders down to my shoulder blades with an owl perched on one of them. There was also a compass on my right shoulder blade, intertwined with the branches.

"I fucking love it." I murmured breathlessly. Movement from the corner of my eye reminded me that Eric was still here. I looked over at him to see his now dark blue eyes roaming over my back. "What ya think, boss?" I raised an eyebrow at him, a smirk playing on my lips.

He didn't look at me for a few minutes, his eyes scanning every inch of my skin before finally looking at me. His face was expressionless, but his eyes gave him away. "It suits you."

I turned my back to him, smirking wickedly at Tori who shook her head at me as she smeared salve over my tattoo. When she was done, I went to drop my top so I could fix my bra, but then remembered Eric was still here. "You mind?" I murmured looking at him from over my shoulder a loose strand of curly hair hanging in front of my eye.

"Not at all." He smirked at me, leaning back in his chair, hands folding back behind his head. I shrugged, dropping my shirt beside me, clipping my bra back on and fixing my girls before standing up. Turning to face Tori, I picked my shirt back up.

"I gotta sign for the points?" I asked casually, shrugging the top on, ignoring Eric's burning gaze. Instead focusing on the dauntless woman in front of her who simply waved me off.

"Forget it, and get out of here, I got work to do." She shooed me away, making me laugh as I turned and headed out. I felt his eye following me even as I left, torn between wanting to kill him and wanting to kiss him senseless. I let out a deep breath, pulling my hair out of its bun as I stalked towards the dorms, just wanting to sleep for the rest of my life.

I set the book cover as Lo's tattoo, i dont know if you'll see it or not but i hope so. It's so difficult to post chapters and pictures because they dont post right away and it takes like ten million tries.

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*I apologize for the delay in this chapter, and for the shortness of it! But i am in the middle of my last few weeks of this semester and I have so much work to catch up with as well as studying for the last exams of the semester!\*\***

**\*\*I promise that i will try to get another chapter in within the next week but I cannot guarantee anything.\*\***

**\*\*But please enjoy this chapter!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 5:\*\***

The next day I woke up later, barely having enough time to check in with Michael and grab some food before we had to head to training. I caught Tris and Christina dragging themselves through the tunnels. I tossed them their muffins, having already scarfed down my own. It was amusing to watch them fumbling to catch them.

"How are you so awake this early." Christina muttered biting a piece of her muffin.

"Old habits." I shrugged and she rolled her eye, sticking her foot out to trip me. I easily jumped over her foot, rolling the sleeves of my jacket up higher. It was chilly all through the compound, but it got extremely hot during training, so I'd opted for a sports bra, black joggers and my jacket on top. Christina was dressed similarly, except her sweats pants were extremely baggy, and she had no jacket. Something I'm sure she was regretting considering she was hugging herself to keep warm. "What are we even doing today?" I was silently hoping that we were fighting today because I was dying to hit something.

"Four said something about knife throwing." Tris answered, and I couldn't help the smirk that graced my face. I couldn't help the little hum I let out, laughing when she sent me a look.

"Four said that, huh." I nudged her arm, finding her blush adorable. I was going to keep teasing her, but Al came in and saved her. His arm slung over her shoulders, startling her. She squirmed a bit from the physical contact, but she let him keep his arm there, which was an improvement from the first days.

Whenever Al had tried that on her she'd push him off, but now as uncomfortable as she was, she accepted it. When we entered the training room, I was relieved to see that only Four was there,



because I didn't know how to face Eric after that slightly flirtatious encounter back at the tattoo parlor.

"Alright listen up!" Four's deep voice rang out through the training room. "Today we will be learning how to throw knives. We don't really spend too much time on this so the first half of training will consist of familiarizing yourself with throwing and then after lunch we will move on to fighting. We will be doing this for the next two days." He looked at each of us in the eye before continuing. "After those two days, you will fight against each other in matches set up by Eric and me." With my luck Eric might just set up a fight between him and I. And as hot as that sounded, I doubted he would hold back. I let out a sigh, trying to focus on what Four was saying about the proper knife throwing technique, but I already knew all of this.

When he dismissed us to start throwing, I stood between Christina and Tris, with Will on Christina's other side and Al on Tris'. I was throwing knives lazily, not really properly aiming because I didn't wanna add Four to the list of people watching me. It had been a while after we had started throwing, and while Christina had hit the target only a few times, Tris had hit it every single time.

Al was the one worrying me because it didn't even look like he was trying at all. His knives were barely even reaching the target at this point, and I was worried Four was going to do something. When another one of his knives hit the floor, a loud voice I recognized well rang out. "That was pathetic." I hadn't even heard him come in, and that was a first for me.

I turned my head to see that Eric stood beside Al, who's face had turned redder than a tomato, legs shoulder length apart and hands linked behind his back. It was a casual stance, but the way he held himself indicated that he was ready to strike at any moment.

"It slipped." Was Al's muttered response. My eyes flickered over to him for a second, wondering if he was as crazy as I was for answering back. Al looked like he was both frustrated and embarrassed for being called out. But it was only a matter of time with the way he was throwing. The first few tries had hit the targets but they never stuck, and had given up.

I looked over to see Eric's expression, and for a second he looked annoyed, but it was gone so fast I wasn't sure anymore. "So go get it."

"While everyone else is throwing?" Al looked incredulous. I let out a frustrated breath, letting my knife fly out of my hand and straight into the center of the target.

"Are you afraid?" Came Eric's cold response.

"Of getting hit by an airborne knife? Yes." My eyes slid shut, a sigh escaping my lips.

"Stop." Eric's voice boomed out, and one by one everyone stopped their practice. I cast a look over at Four to see him frowning in disapproval, but he didn't say anything. "Stand in front of the target." My eyes flashed over to Eric. He wasn't seriously about to make Al the target, was he? Al had the same expression as me, staring

at him trying to determine if he was being serious or not. "Did I stutter?" Eric snapped, jerking his head towards the target. "Stand in front of the target, NOW!"

I bit my lip to stop myself from speaking as I watched Al slowly make his way over until he was finally in front of the dummy. He turned, visibly shaking, sweat coating his entire body, making the black shirt he was wearing sticking to him. Eric looked over at Four, nodding for him to grab his knives. Without a word, Four obeyed, his face expressionless.

From the corner of my eye I saw Tris' face. She looked like she was internally debating with herself about something. I frowned, watching her carefully, but when she took a step forward, towards Four, panic took over me.

"Tris no!" I hissed quietly, but she ignored me, speaking up despite my warning.

"Stop." All eyes landed on her, mine glaring directly into the back of her head. "Anyone can stand in front of a target; it doesn't prove anything."

"Oh really?" Eric looked extremely amused, a total contrast to Four's annoyed expression. "Then you can take his place." The dauntless leader's voice turned from amused too cold in seconds, and for a second I couldn't help but marvel at the control he possessed.

Tris didn't hesitate to walk over, passing past a relieved Al. She stood in front of the target, a picture of total ease, but I saw the slight trembling of her hands before she placed them behind her back. My head dropped in defeat, silently cursing her and myself before pushing my way to the front.

"What's the point of this?" I glared at Eric, ignoring Four's piercing gaze. "Placing us in front of a target won't suddenly make us experts in this. That's why we're training, to get better."

He let out a humorless laugh, making my eyes narrow in mistrust. "You seemed to have gotten a hang of it." Eric pointed to my target, all my knives having stuck at different points. I shrugged, my teeth clenching in an effort to not curse the blonde man out. "Since you don't know how to keep your mouth shut, you throw them at the stiff." He motioned Four to back away. From the way Four's jaw clenched in response, I thought he'd protest, but instead he shot me a deadly look, handing me the knife he was holding. I had no doubt that if I screwed this up, I'd be facing him later — even though I had a sinking feeling I'd be facing him anyway.

I let out a breath as I took it, stepping up to take my stance. I faced Tris, sending her a cold look. I took aim, readying myself to throw when a cold voice broke through the silence. "I don't know who's stupider." I looked at him from the corner of my eye, not liking the cruel smile he sent my way. "The Stiff, or the Nose."

"Let me know when you find out." I replied, letting the knife fly out of my hand, hitting the board two inches from Tris' elbow. The second one I threw landed just beside her neck, and my heart was beating so fast I thought it would fly out of my chest. I had been so close to

hitting her and I suddenly didn't want to do this anymore. I had never intentionally used a person as a target, if I ever had to shoot it had been in self-defense, and that was the only way I dealt with the guilt.

Breathing harder than before, I picked up two more knives, throwing them rapidly one after another, barely taking a moment to aim. The first sticking to her other side, and the other one above her head. I had no more knives, so I just kept my gaze on Tris, unwilling to look at Eric.

"Alright, that's enough, go to lunch." Four's voice cut through the thick silence.

Tris didn't hesitate to make her way over to me, an angry expression on her face. "I could have handled that! There was no reason for you to get involved."

Closing my eyes, I breathed in from my nose, holding it in for a second trying to calm myself before letting it out slowly. "I didn't have to." I said lowly, my eyes raising to meet hers, no doubt blazing with rage. I felt dangerous in that second, and it was because I risked my ass for this girl who could bring more suspicion about the Divergent if she wasn't careful. I could pass off as mouthy and ballsy only because I was supposedly an Erudite defect; they were known to be stuck up and smart mouths. "But I did because as far as Erudite knows, Divergent come from Abnegation mostly. Dauntless is the least suspected faction." I hissed, my eyes darting to Four who was looking at us from the corner of his eye as the rest of the class filed out. Eric was picking up the knives to place them back where they belonged. "If they find you out, they will start to suspect that more of us are hiding here too."

Her eyes were wide with apprehension, but I still saw the defiance shining in her eyes. "I can take care of myself." She snapped, her eyes narrowing to glare at me. "If you can get away with talking back to \_Eric\_, then so can I. Because I'm not going to stand back and watch him terrorize our friends."

I felt myself deflate, and for a second I wondered why I was even bothering risking my life to save the rest of the Divergent, to overthrow Jeanine and my father's hold on this city. "Do whatever \_you\_ wantâ€¦ but think about the consequences to the rest of us." I lowered my voice when Four started making his way over to us.

Straightening, I started moving to the punching bags, but he stopped me. "What you both did was stupid."

"Tell me something I don't know." I muttered darkly, not looking at him, instead kept my gaze on the punching bag. I wanted him to know I was done with this conversation before it even started.

"You could have hurt her." He hissed, getting in my face. I bared my teeth at him, my mood not at all nice after Tris.

"As much as Eric wished it happened, it didn't." I snarled back, smirking when I saw the anger burning in his dark brown eyes. "So you can breathe easily now that your precious initiate is fine."

"You-" He started point his finger in my face, but Eric interrupted him. It seemed everyone was interrupting each other. And here I thought the most exciting thing about Dauntless initiation would be the fights between each other.

"Are you two heading to lunch yet or not?" He snapped, glaring at Four and Tris, earning himself glares from the two of them.

"They were just leaving." Four answered darkly. It was my turn to send him a glare. I wasn't planning on going to lunch. I wanted to punch the shit out of a punching bag.

"I was talking about you and the Stiff. I want a word with the Nose." With that he dismissed him, and if I wasn't so annoyed with them, I'd feel offended for them. Eric had absolutely no manners, and if he did he just didn't bother being nice.

Four glowered at us for another minute, before stalking off. Tris hesitated for a moment, but I didn't look at her, instead focused on Eric. I watched him clean each blade, waiting patiently for her to leave. When she did, I felt myself relax, even if only slightly.

"What is it?" My voice was low and husky, so I cleared my throat, but I didn't take my eyes off him.

"You need to watch yourself. At this rate you're going to lose your ranking for stupid reasons." He said causally as if we were old friends. I raised an eyebrow in disbelief. Eric was probably the most bipolar man on this planet, and I didn't know whether it was amusing or downright annoying.

"Then stop provoking me." I took my stance in front of the punching bag. I purposely stood slightly off from the proper stance. Eric didn't seem to be leaving anytime soon, so I couldn't go all out like I wanted to. It was frustrating as hell not being able to work out the way I used to. It be too suspicious if I did. Had I been a Dauntless born it would have been more believable. The only reason I hadn't been was because Dauntless was known for its high-tech surveillance cameras, it would have been hard to implant years of video footage of me. Erudite didn't bother with things such as cameras, their security systems much more sophisticated with their finger print locks and eye scanners to open restricted areas.

"I don't provoke you, initiate. You just don't know when to keep your mouth shut." He snapped. I heard the knives clatter but I didn't bother turning, instead started throwing punches at the bag, barely managing to make it sway. I had to take a couple deep breaths to stop myself from laying into it to get rid of the pent up frustrations.

"You just piss me off." I retorted after I'd gotten my control back, throwing some quick punches.

"Your stance is pissing me off." He murmured lowly from behind me. I tensed, biting my tongue to keep in the gasp of surprise. I hadn't even heard him come up this close to me.

"Bite me." I snapped, not stopping my little routine. Then suddenly his hands were on my hips, startling. I jumped, bringing my elbows

down as I twisted around to hold him back. "Don't. Touch. Me." I bit out, glaring at him.

That seemed to be all I ever did around him. Glare. Growl. Fight. I'd always been short tempered, but Eric made it worse. And I had a feeling it had to do with my stupid attraction to him. Even now, being this close to him was messing with my head. He was tall, taller than I had first imagined, the top of my head barely making his shoulders.

"You're doing it wrong." He growled, glaring down at me. "You keep that up and you could break your wrist or fracture it. Then you'd be useless and drop in ranks lower than that mouth of yours could get you."

I raised an eyebrow at him, his husky voice catching me off guard. "So what if I break my wrist?" I shrugged, stepping back to bring some space between us, not able to stand the close proximity. "I'd be one less initiate you have to worry about."

"Because you're ranked 3rd. The only reason you're not first because of the points I docked for being a smartass." He answered, leaning back and crossing his arms. "And I was there when you handed Peter his ass, without actually hitting him. I can only imagine what you could do if you were actually allowed a punch or two."

"Are you complimenting me?" I asked amused, barely holding back my laughter as I mimicked his stance. "Thought pigs would fly before I heard something positive come out of your mouth."

His eyes narrowed, glaring at me for a moment before turning me around by my waist. His hand settled on top of my stomach, his hand so big that the heel touched one side and his fingers brushed the other. I sucked in a large breath of air, body tensing under his burning touch.

"Hold your arms a little higher, you're leaving your face unprotected." He lifted my arms and I held them up in the position he wanted them, but they felt stiff. Probably because I couldn't relax with him pressed up against me. "Feet a little wider than shoulder length apart. Your smaller than most of the initiates, so keep tension here." His hands tightened on my abdomen. "Use your hips."

I nodded, pushing back into him, trying to make him catch the hint and get off of me. "Got it." I muttered back, body still stiff.

Instead of backing up, he got closer, leaning his head down so his lips brushed against my ear. "You need to loosen up."

"You need to back up." I snapped back, hitting him with my elbow. I felt my irritation spike up when she started chuckling, but he did back up.

"Nervous?" He teased, and for a second I was thrown off by the amused glint in his eyes. I eyed him warily, taking a half a step back slowly.

"Nervous? No." I breathed, watching him closely, feeling threatened and I had no idea why. He was relaxed, as relaxed as Eric could get.

"Wary? Yes."

"What? Don't trust me?"

"Not at all." I shot back. He was grinning now, and I had to blink a couple times to get used to the sight. For the week I had known Eric, I had never seen him smile. And it was disconcerting. And distracting. He was incredibly handsome, but smiling like that made him even more so.

"Good." He replied before going back to the knives he had thrown onto one of the tables. He didn't so much as glance at me as he went about cleaning the blades and placing them in their casings.

Eric was beyond confusing and that made him more dangerous. I didn't know what he was playing at, but I knew that he was distracting me from my mission and that was not okay. I took a deep breath, before going back to the punching bag. This time I took the correct stance, since he had corrected me and it wouldn't look suspicious.

A while later, the other initiates started filing in. Christina walked over to me flashing me a small smile, Tris following behind her. She stepped forward instead of staying at Christina's side, holding out a muffin. It was chocolate with chocolate chips, the one I always grabbed for breakfast. I smiled at her, taking it and in taking it, accepting her silent apology.

Tris wasn't a bad person, and I didn't want to hate her. But she didn't know what dangers were lurking in the shadows. She may suspect them, but she wasn't prepared for it. No was, if truth be told. And I dreaded the moment when I decided to tell her the truth because so far she was my only ally in the midst of everything. There was no way for me to know who else to trust. Not without Michael, who had the advantage of observing us all.

End  
file.